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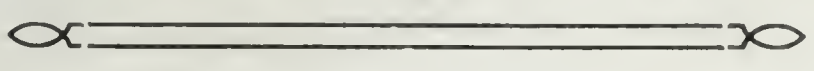
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Memorial Day



The Allied Flags of Freedom

Illinois



1918



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MEMORIAL DAY PEACE DAY

May Thirtieth
1918

CIRCULAR NO. 131



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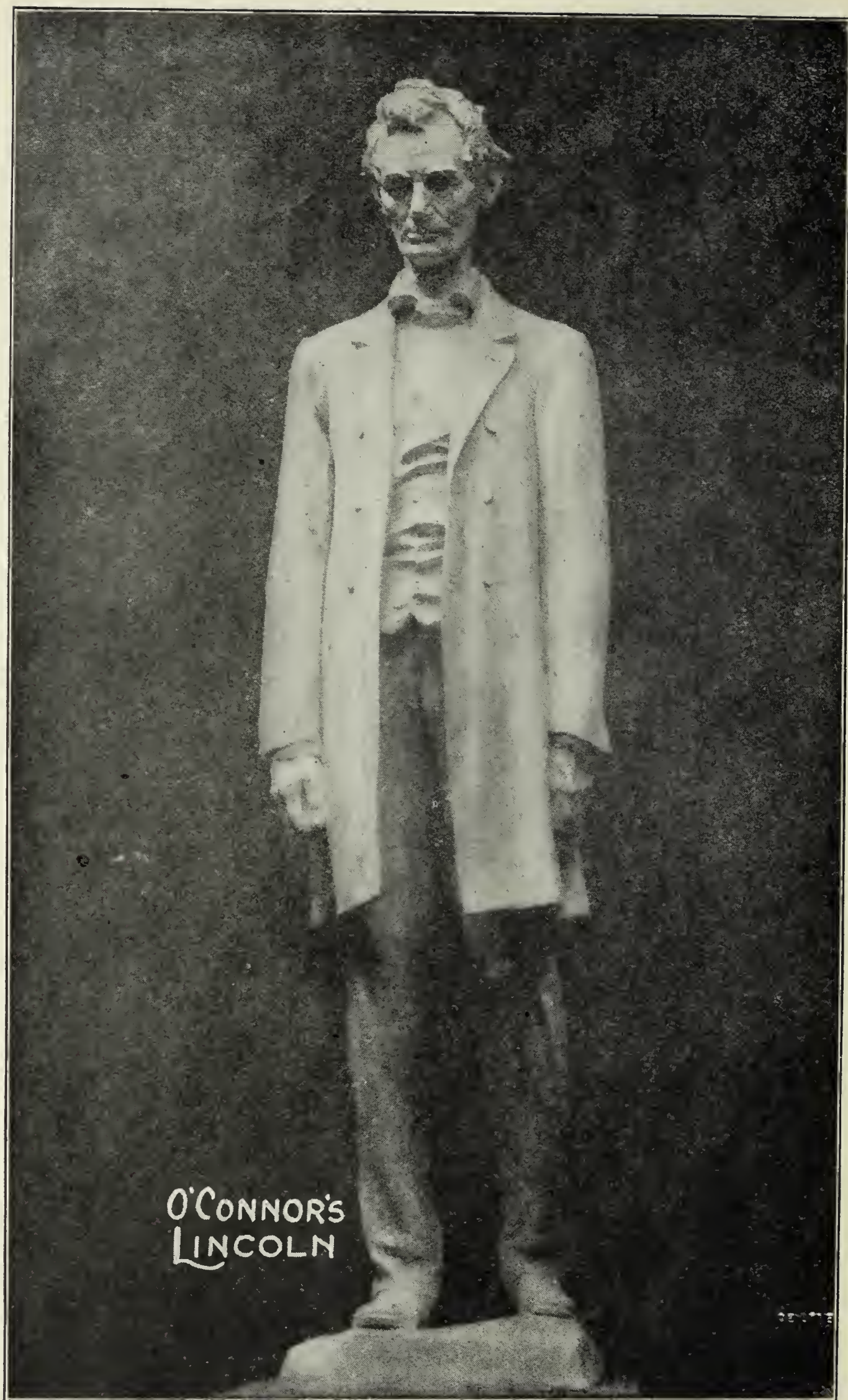
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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Proclamation by Governor Frank O. Lowden.....	5
Letter to Teachers and Pupils—Superintendent Francis G. Blair.....	7
Extracts from Addresses from President Wilson.....	9
Lincoln and the War—Governor Frank O. Lowden.....	10
Teachers Service Flag.....	12
History of Service Flag.....	14
The Flag—Poem, Charles G. Crellin.....	15
File Three P. S. W.....	15
The Challenge	16
Grant and Lee—The Blue and the Gray.....	19
The Blue and the Gray—F. M. Finch.....	22
Your Lad and My Lad—Randall Parrish.....	23
In Retrospect	25
Emblem of Freedom—Thomas Ostenson Stein.....	25
The Prairie State—John F. Howard.....	27
Marching With the Country—Frank L. Stanton.....	28
Hymn to the Republic—Grosvenor Clarkson.....	29
A Human Lead Mine.....	30
The War Globe—Minna Irving.....	31
Mural Pictures and Reliefs—In Capitol Building.....	32
The Flag in France—Frances Gertrude Bond.....	41
I Have a Son—Emory Pottle.....	44
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address	47
Inaugural Address—Roosevelt	47
Memorial Day in 1869—Richard Yates, Senator.....	49
The Soldier Marion Couthouy Smith.....	53
The Star Spangled Banner.....	55
The Flag and You—Daniel Henderson.....	57
The American Flag—H. W. Smith.....	57
The Old Flag Forever—Frank L. Stanton.....	58
To My Soldier in Khaki—R. G. Beals.....	58
Italy and America.....	59
The Duties of the Citizen—Elihu Root.....	59
Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight—Vachel Lindsay.....	60
America My Country—Jens K. Grondahl.....	61
Significant Dates in the History of Illinois.....	63



"That Government of the People by the People for the People Shall Not
Perish from the Earth."

BY THE GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS—A PROCLAMATION.

MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30, 1918.

Memorial Day has come to be the most beautiful of all our patriotic holidays. On that day, in every part of America, loving hands bear blossoms to the graves of our patriot dead. This year, the significance of the day will have crossed the seas, and equally devoted hands will strew the new-made graves of our soldiers in Flanders and France. However far from home these graves may be, they mean the same sacrifice for the same sacred cause as do the graves which we shall decorate at home.

It may be that in future ages our own Memorial Day shall be extended to every land which now is fighting for its liberties and independence in this war. It may become the day when all nations, now united in our great cause, shall resolve anew that their common sacrifices shall not have been in vain, but that they owe it to the memory of the uncounted dead to preserve peace forevermore among themselves, and for all the world. But first we must win.

Memorial Day this year will also mean that, whatever the cost, whatever disasters may come, we shall forfeit the right for all the future to garland these graves, whether old or new, on Memorial Day, unless we shall prosecute this war to a successful end.

Therefore, I urge that our people specially observe Memorial Day this year.

[SEAL]

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of State at the Capitol in Springfield this Fourth day of May in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighteen, and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred and Forty-second.

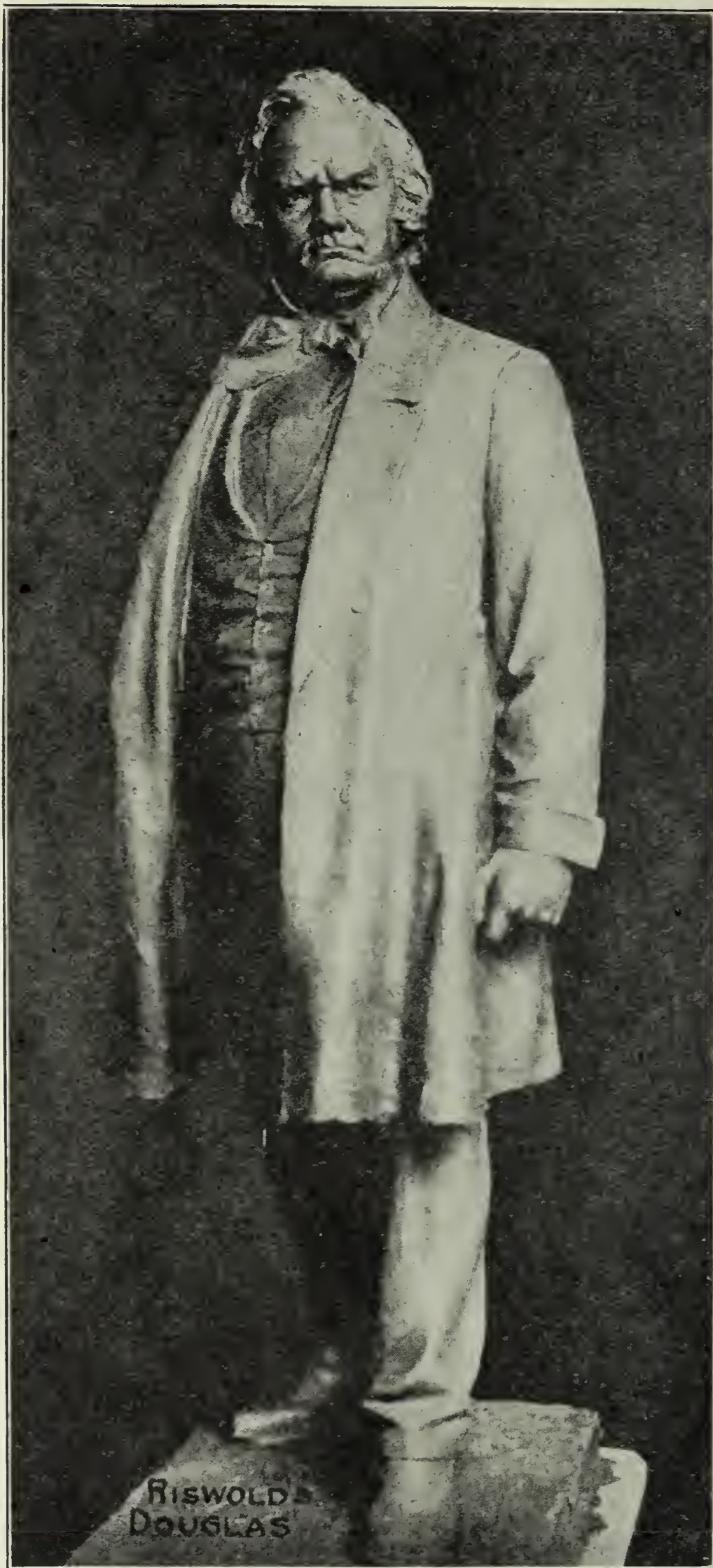
Frank O. Rowden

Governor.

By the Governor:

Louis L. Emerson

Secretary of State.



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

"There can be no neutrals in this war; only patriots—
or traitors."—Stephen A. Douglas, in Chicago, 1861.

MEMORIAL DAY.

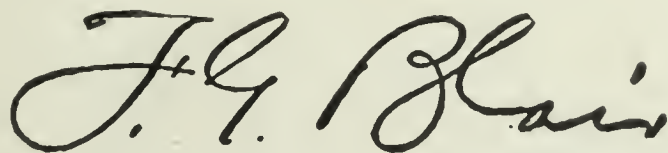
To Teachers and Pupils:

For over half a century Memorial Day has been the holy day of patriotism throughout the states of the North. On the 30th day of May, men, women and children have met together to recall and to do honor to the heroic characters and deeds of the men who nobly fought and nobly died that government by the people, of the people and for the people should not perish from the earth. Flowers and tears and glowing words refreshed the memories of the men and women and touched the hearts of the children. It has been a blessing and a benediction to all. But, unfortunately, the blessings reached little farther than to those engaged in the memorial exercises. In spite of all the lofty sentiments of nationalism which marked these ceremonies, they could not escape a tinge of sectionalism. Bitter as well as sweet memories were recalled and kept alive. To be sure, the lengthening years have softened and sweetened that bitterness and "rebels" in time became "confederates" and they in turn have been transformed into "our brave boys in gray." But, notwithstanding this growing spirit of generosity, the very flowers we spread helped to draw afresh each year that ugly Mason and Dixon's line. Moreover, the fading ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic and the rapid increase of immigration of foreign-born peoples into the northern states abated, somewhat, the general interest and impressiveness of the sacred exercises of the great day. It was feared by some that Memorial Day was destined to become as meaningless and as little observed as the Fourth of July.

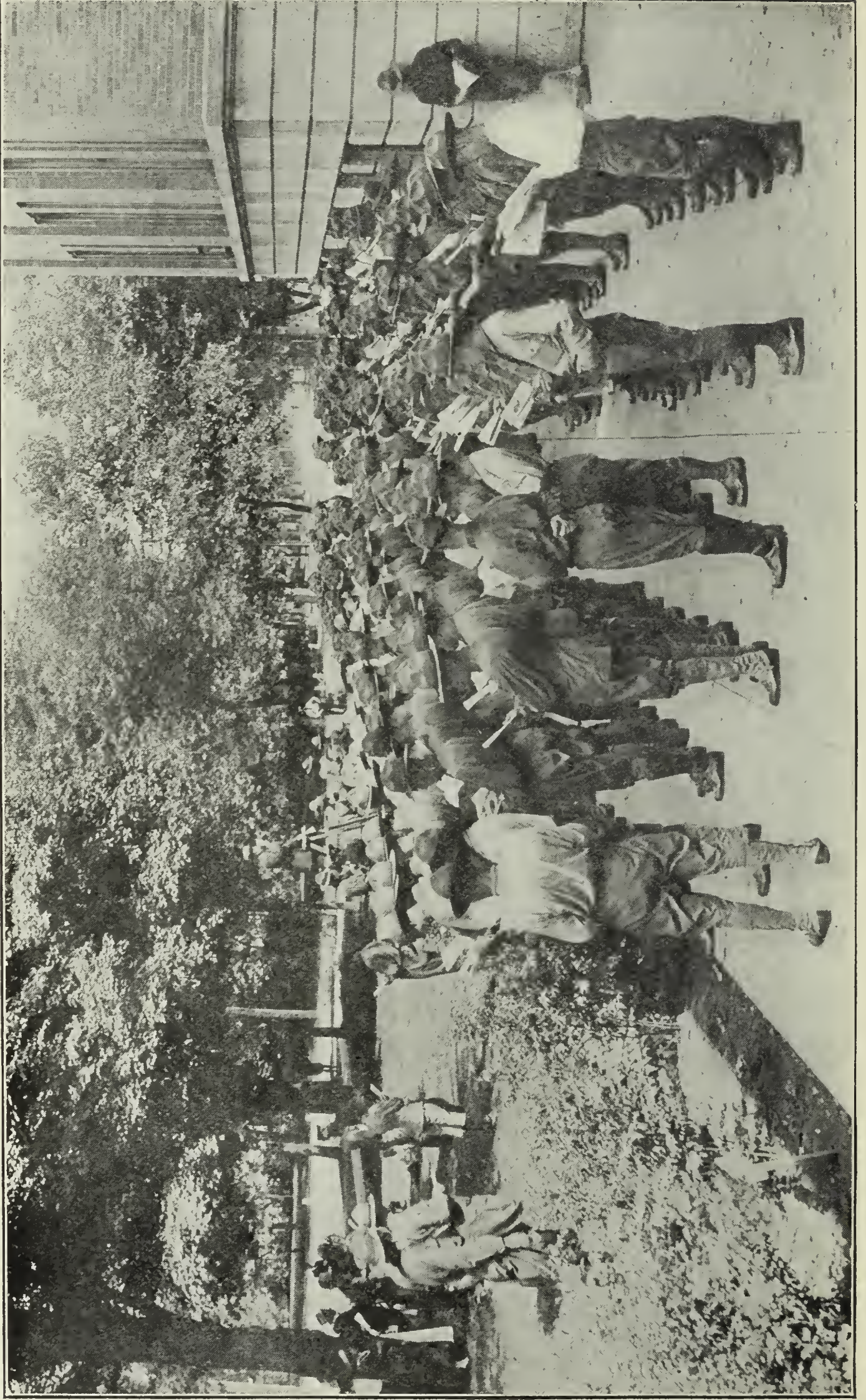
But the on-coming of the world war has changed the situation. This wide-flung battle for democracy has given a new meaning to our national life and history. This mighty call to arms has given the Nation a new birth. North and South and East and West are one. Foreign born and native born stand under the same flag and sing the same battlecry of freedom. And as the sons of this reborn Nation die—as die they must—in the cause of liberty and right, Memorial Day will take on a wider and a more glorious meaning. The old boys in blue and the old boys in gray will meet with their sons and grandsons in brown and native-born and foreign-born men, women and children of America will unite in doing honor to and in keeping alive the memories of those men who gave their lives in order that this Republic, founded and preserved by the virtue and valor of our forefathers, should not perish from the earth.

Let us all join together in celebrating this new National Memorial Day.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. G. Blair". The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent flourish at the end of the last name.

Superintendent.



Soldiers Using the Schoolhouse.

PRESIDENT WILSON TO CONGRESS.

[PRESIDENT WILSON'S MESSAGE, APRIL 2, 1917.]

There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the right and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God help her, she can do no other.

THE SCHOOL OF CITIZENSHIP.

[EXTRACT FROM PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADDRESS.]

I am not bound to be loyal to the United States to please myself. I am bound to be loyal to the United States because I live under its laws and am its citizen, and whether it hurts me or whether it benefits me, I am obliged to be loyal. Loyalty means nothing unless it has at its heart the absolute principle of self-sacrifice. Loyalty means that you ought to be ready to sacrifice every interest that you have, and your life itself, if your country calls upon you to do so, and that is the sort of loyalty which ought to be inculcated into newcomers, that they are not to be loyal only so long as they are pleased, but that, having once entered into this sacred relationship, they are bound to be loyal whether they are pleased or not.

THE FLAG DAY ADDRESS.

[PRESIDENT WILSON.]

For us there is but one choice. We have made it. Woe be to the man or group of men that seeks to stand in our way in this day of high resolution when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made secure for the salvation of the nations. We are ready to plead at the bar of history, and our flag shall wear a new luster. Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people.

LINCOLN AND THE WAR.

[By GOVERNOR FRANK O. LOWDEN.]

Lincoln's spirit still walks the earth. His life remains the greatest resource to the forces fighting for freedom and righteousness throughout the world. When autocracy seems to win victories, it is Lincoln's unshaken faith in the worth of the common man which impels us to go on at any cost. When some fear that the monstrous doctrine of the mailed autocrats—that might makes right—may again rule the earth, our resolution is renewed by these words of Lincoln: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty."

When our allies have felt the need to refresh their courage, they have turned to Lincoln's words. More and more do the lovers of liberty everywhere make pilgrimage to Lincoln's tomb. It was an impressive moment when Joffre, who saved civilization at the battle of the Marne, with reverent hand and tear-dimmed eye laid a wreath above his dust. Who shall doubt that the old hero felt at that moment a new resolve to "carry on."

We may become war-weary before peace shall come. If we do, Lincoln will revive our will. To adapt his words to the present crisis: "Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue," until the privileges of emperors and kings shall finally give way to the rights of man; until the sword and cannon shall become the servants—not the masters—of the state; until nations everywhere shall confess their fealty to the moral law; until the God of Justice and Righteousness shall rule the world, "as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether'."

As the weeks shall come and go, in ever-increasing numbers, the stars upon our service flags will turn from blue to gold. The temptress will whisper peace to us, as she whispered it to Lincoln, when no peace is possible—but only a truce. Let us in that hour, with Lincoln, "highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The cause of democracy is the cause of humanity. It concerns itself with the welfare of the average man. Lincoln was its finest product. In life, he was its noblest champion. In death, he became its saint. His tomb is now its shrine. His country's cause, for which he lived and died, has now become the cause of all the world. It is more than half a century since his countrymen, with reverent hands, bore him to his grave. And still his pitiless logic for the right, his serene faith in God and man, are the surest weapons with which democracy, humanity and righteousness now fight their ancient foe. His birthday draws near. It will nerve the soldier's arm, it will strengthen the statesman's resolution, it will grip humanity's great heart, if, upon that day, the friends of man everywhere shall pause long enough to recall his life and death, and resolve that Abraham Lincoln, too, shall not have lived and "died in vain."



School Children Knitting Socks for the Soldiers.

TEACHERS' SERVICE FLAG.

The public-school system really had its beginning in 1855, when ample legislative provision was made for revenues. Within six years the Civil War came. The shock of it was felt throughout every state of the Union and through every one of our social institutions. It is a matter of history as well as a matter of pride that Illinois, with its mingled populations from the South and the North, rallied nobly to the cause of the Union. The call to arms appealed not only to the farmer, the lawyer, the doctor, the clerk and those engaged in the business interests of the State, but to school teachers as well. In those days over three-fourths of the teachers were men. These men teachers rushed to the colors with enthusiasm, and many of the schoolhouses were closed, not to open again during the continuance of the war. The president of the Normal School resigned his position, organized a regiment and went to the front.

It took the school system of the State at least twenty years to recover from the shock and dislocations of the Civil War. But it is believed by competent authorities that the public-school system throughout the Nation has reached an advanced position in thoroughness and in influences upon the State and national life. Now comes the great world war! The ideals that underlie it, the issues at stake, appeal most strongly to those who understand something of the world's history, who feel strongly the spiritual and intellectual values of life and who have demonstrated in their own life and experience the richness and joy of democracy based upon universal education and universal freedom. This accounts for the fact that the young men in our high schools and colleges were the first to volunteer their services, and that those who were most capable of seeing and feeling the real issues of the war have been the most loyal in the support of our Nation in marshaling and in directing its forces. While only about one-sixth of the teaching force of Illinois are men, a surprisingly large percentage of them have joined the colors and gone to the front. At first, an effort was made by the national authorities to restrain, somewhat, the movement which seemed to involve the crippling, if not the closing, of some of our schools. However, the teaching bodies all over the Nation have steadfastly refused to ask for any exemptions which would place their calling on a footing different from that of others. Some high schools have lost every one of their men teachers, and yet the ranks have been filled in some way, the courses adjusted and the work continued.

A survey of the State showed that up to January 1, 1918, 730 men teachers and 20 women teachers had joined the colors. The largest number to come from any county outside of Cook was from White County, which contributed 42 teachers. The records show that White County also contributed the largest number of teachers to the Civil War. The flag on the opposite page was prepared by the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State Teachers' Association. At the conclusion of the year stars will be added to indicate the increased number.

JANUARY 1, 1918 • EVERY STAR REPRESENTS TEN TEACHERS •

ILLINOIS



TEACHERS
SERVICE FLAG

HISTORY OF SERVICE FLAG.

The service flags, with their borders of red, their fields of white, and their stars to indicate the number of those who have gone into military or naval service of the Government, have blossomed out over so many buildings that they have rightly become a matter of public interest and concern.

Recent newspaper reports that the present service flag had been patented by a private individual have been circulated throughout the country, and have caused no little discussion as to the exact status of the flag which means so much to so many thousand American homes.

The records of the patent office show that these reports were founded on fact, for November 6, 1917, Design Patent No. 51464 was granted to R. L. Queisses, of Cleveland, Ohio, for "A flag with a red border, a white center field, and two blue stars in the field." Mr. R. L. Queisses was a captain of the Machine Gun Company of the Fifth Ohio Infantry during its recent service on the border. He retired from the service just before his regiment was mustered out of Federal service because of injury received in an accident.

"When war was declared," he writes, "the thought came to me that both of my sons, who were still officers in the guard, would be called out, and I wondered if I could evolve some design or symbol by which it might be known to their mother that they were away in their country's service and which would be a visible sign of the sacrifice her sons were making."

With this thought in mind he designed, with the advice of some military friends, the flag which he recently patented. He then suggested the use and distribution of this flag to the Council of the City of East Cleveland and the Council passed an ordinance adopting it, which provided that one flag should be presented to the family of every soldier and sailor entering the service. The example was later followed by the city of Cleveland and by the state of Ohio.

A little later some friends suggested that Mr. Queisses have the design patented and he accepted the advice. The patent was granted, the royalty fixed at a low figure and an agreement made that half of all the net profits should be set aside for the benefit of the Red Cross. Besides the benefit to the Red Cross and the possibility of personal profit, Mr. Queisses states that he was led to take out a patent in order that the distribution and quality of the flag might be properly controlled, and the irresponsible flag-making companies might not make undue profits from the sale of a flag for which there was destined to be such tremendous demands.

This is the story of the Service Flag as it is told by the designer. Certainly no one can criticise the motive which led the designer to design a service flag, or his purpose in assisting the Red Cross and also keeping the manufacture of his flag out of the hands of irresponsible flag profiteers; but the acceptance of a profit by a former army officer from the legal monopoly of such a flag seems to be in the same category as the making of profit by a physician from the monopolizing of a medicine.—*The Boy Agriculturalist*.

THE FLAG.

[By CHARLES G. CRELLIN.]

Star of the early dawning, set in a field of blue,
 Stripes of the sunrise splendor, crimson and white of hue;
 Flag of our fathers' fathers, born on the field of strife,
 Phoenix of fiery battle, risen from human life;
 Given for God and freedom—sacred indeed the trust,
 Left by countless thousands returned to the silent dust!
 Flag of a mighty nation waving aloft unfurled,
 Kissed by the sun of heaven, caressed by the winds o' the world;
 Greater than kingly power, greater than all mankind,
 Conceived in the need of the hour, inspired by the Master Mind.
 Over thy living children, over the laureled grave,
 Streaming on high in the cloudless sky, banner our fathers gave.
 Flag of a new-born era, token of every right,
 Wrung from a tyrant power, unawed by a tyrant's might;
 Facing again the menace outflung from a foreign shore,
 Meeting again the challenge so bravely answered of yore;
 Under thy spangled folds thy children await to give,
 All that they have or are, that the flag they love shall live.

FILE THREE.

[P. S. W.]

(General Pershing stopped in his walk, turned sharply, and faced
 File Three.—*London Dispatch.*)

File Three stood motionless and pale,
 Of nameless pedigree;
 One of a hundred on detail—
 But would I had been he!

In years a youth, but worn and old,
 With face of ivory;
 Upon his sleeve two strands of gold—
 Oh, would I had been he!

The General passed down the line,
 And walked right rapidly,
 But saw those threads and knew the sign—
 Ah, had I been File Three!

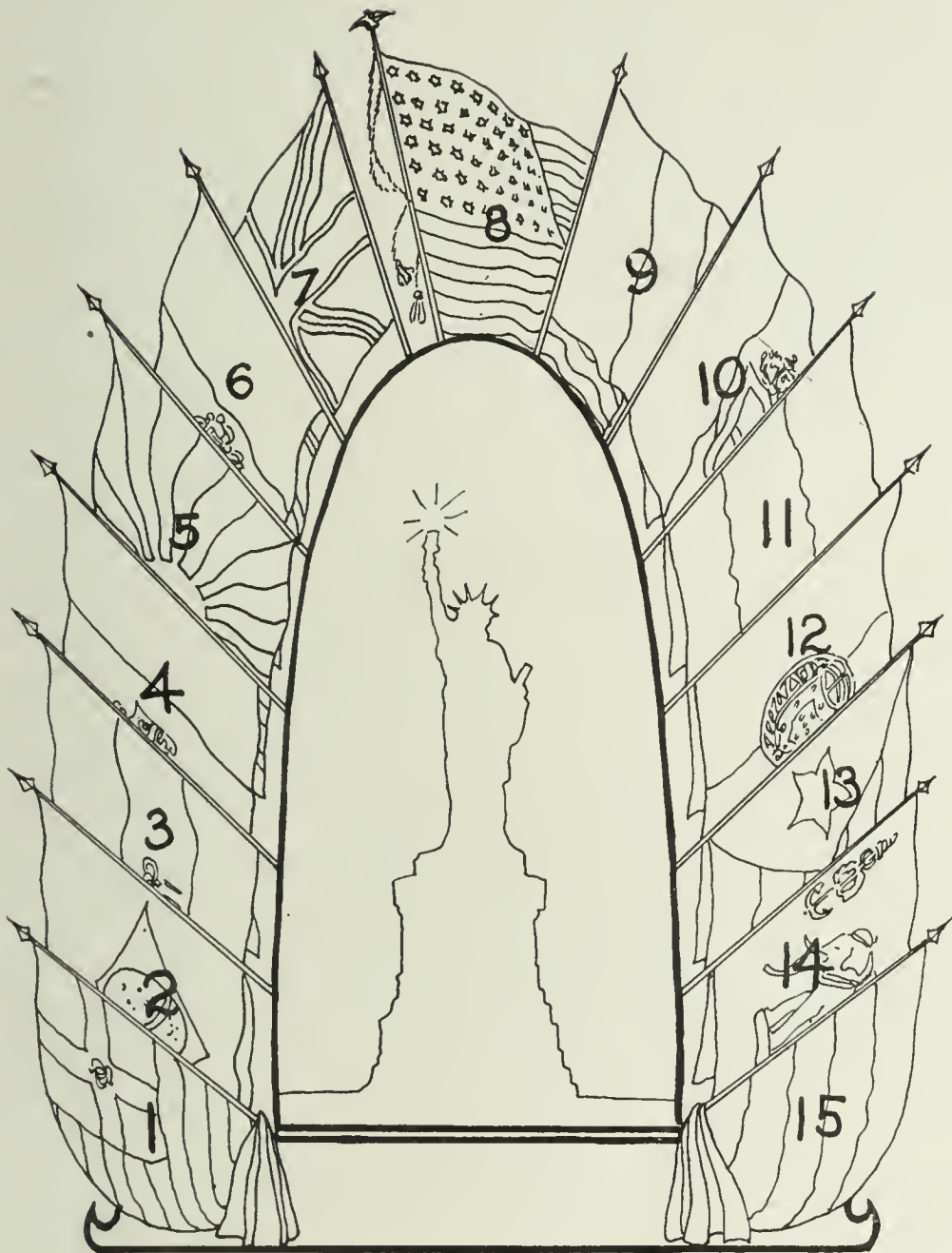
"Twice wounded? Tell me where you were,"
 The man of stars asked he,
 "Givenchy and Lavenze, sir"—
 Oh, where was *I*, File Three!

Then crisply quoth the general:
 "You are a man, File Three."
 And Tommy's heart held carnival—
 God! Would I had been he!

THE CHALLENGE.

Across the sea a challenge came
With roar of guns and flash of flame!
'Twixt Might and Right the line was drawn
And freedom's last great fight was on!
America that challenge heard!
Her answer all the world has stirred!
See! Streaming on the winds of France
Her flag and allied flags advance!
Nor will those allied flags be furled
Till freedom triumphs through the world.

—*H. T. Suddrith.*



1. Greece
2. Brazil
3. Montenegro
4. Roumania
5. Japan

6. Belgium
7. Great Britain
8. United States
9. France
10. Italy

11. Serbia
12. Portugal
13. Cuba
14. Siam
15. China



Gen. Lee's Surrender.

GRANT AND LEE—THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

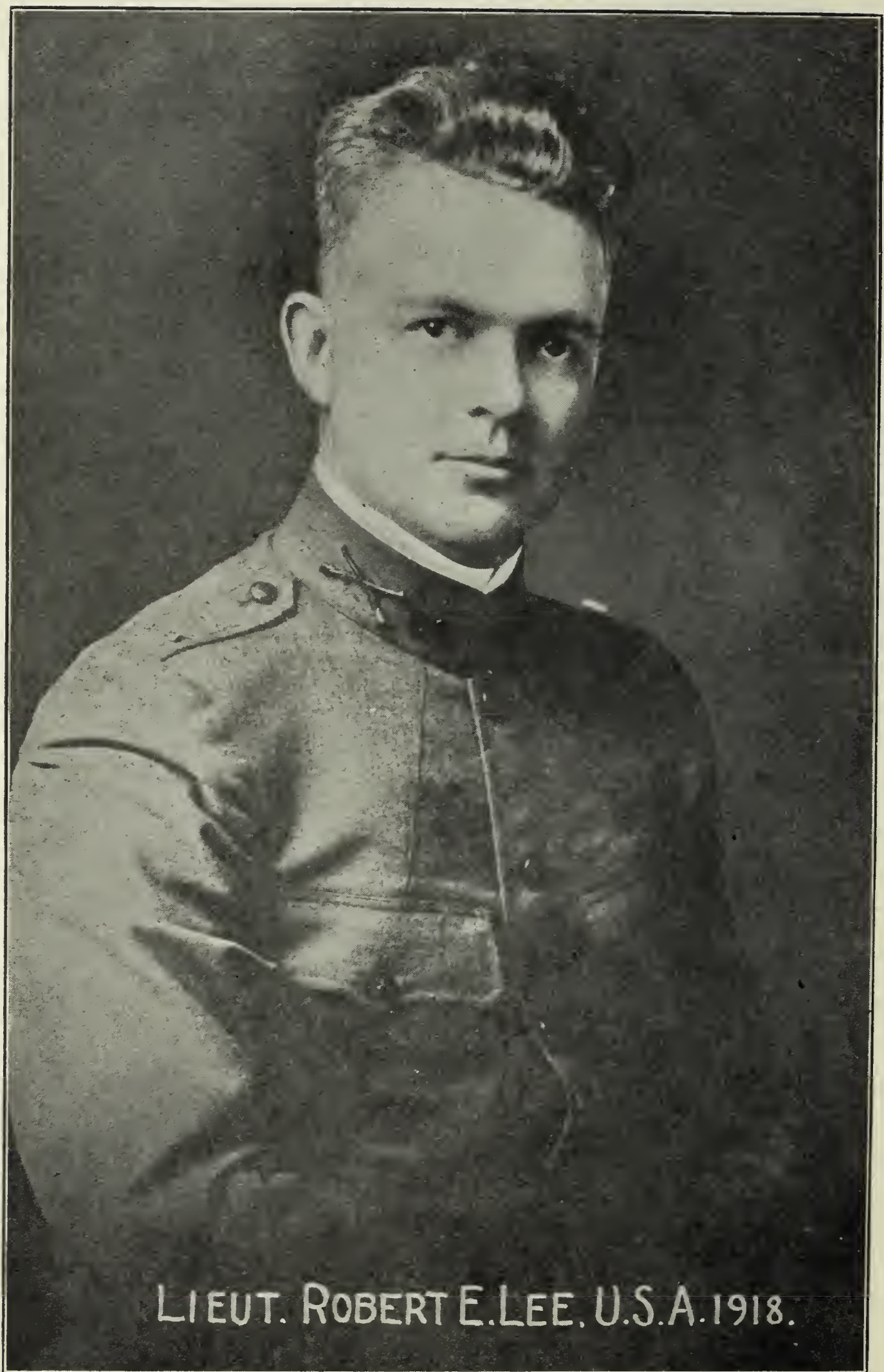
What time had begun, and the Spanish-American War had furthered, this great war promises to finish—the reunion of the North and the South in spirit and sentiment. That the peoples of the different commonwealths and the different sections of the country will always have some differences of opinion and some differences in point of view, is to be expected. Without such difference our Nation would lose that variety which annually enriches its national spirit and life. But underlying all these differences there should be a fundamental unity in national spirit and in national ideals. With a man born and reared in the South acting as President of the Nation and supported in all of his large war measures by the Representatives in Congress and the governors of the states of the North, we have a solid and unmistakable demonstration of the welding, unifying power of this great world crisis upon our Nation, so far as the old division of North and South is concerned. One of the best expressions of this reunited country and the one which will appeal to the imaginations and the hearts of our people, is the fact that the grandson of Ulysses S. Grant and the grandson of Robert E. Lee, both in the uniform of Uncle Sam, are fighting in France to-day for the life interests not only of this Nation, but of all civilized peoples.

A high-school pupil, taking part on a patriotic program, recently recited some of these facts and then concluded by reciting the following lines by George Morrow Mays on "The Blue and the Gray":

Here's to the blue of the wind-swept North,
 As they meet on the fields of France!
 May the spirit of Grant be over them all
 As the sons of the North advance!

Here's to the gray of the sun-kissed South,
 As they meet on the fields of France!
 May the spirit of Lee be over them all
 As the sons of the South advance!

Here's to the blue and the gray as one,
 As they meet on the fields of France!
 May the spirit of God be over them all
 As the sons of the flag advance!



LIEUT. ROBERT E. LEE, U.S.A. 1918.



LIEUT. ULYSSES S. GRANT. 1918.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

[F. M. FINCH.]

By the flow of the inland river
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the roses, the Blue;
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch, impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 'Broidered with gold, the Blue,
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue;
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done;
 In the storm of the years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue;
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

YOUR LAD AND MY LAD.

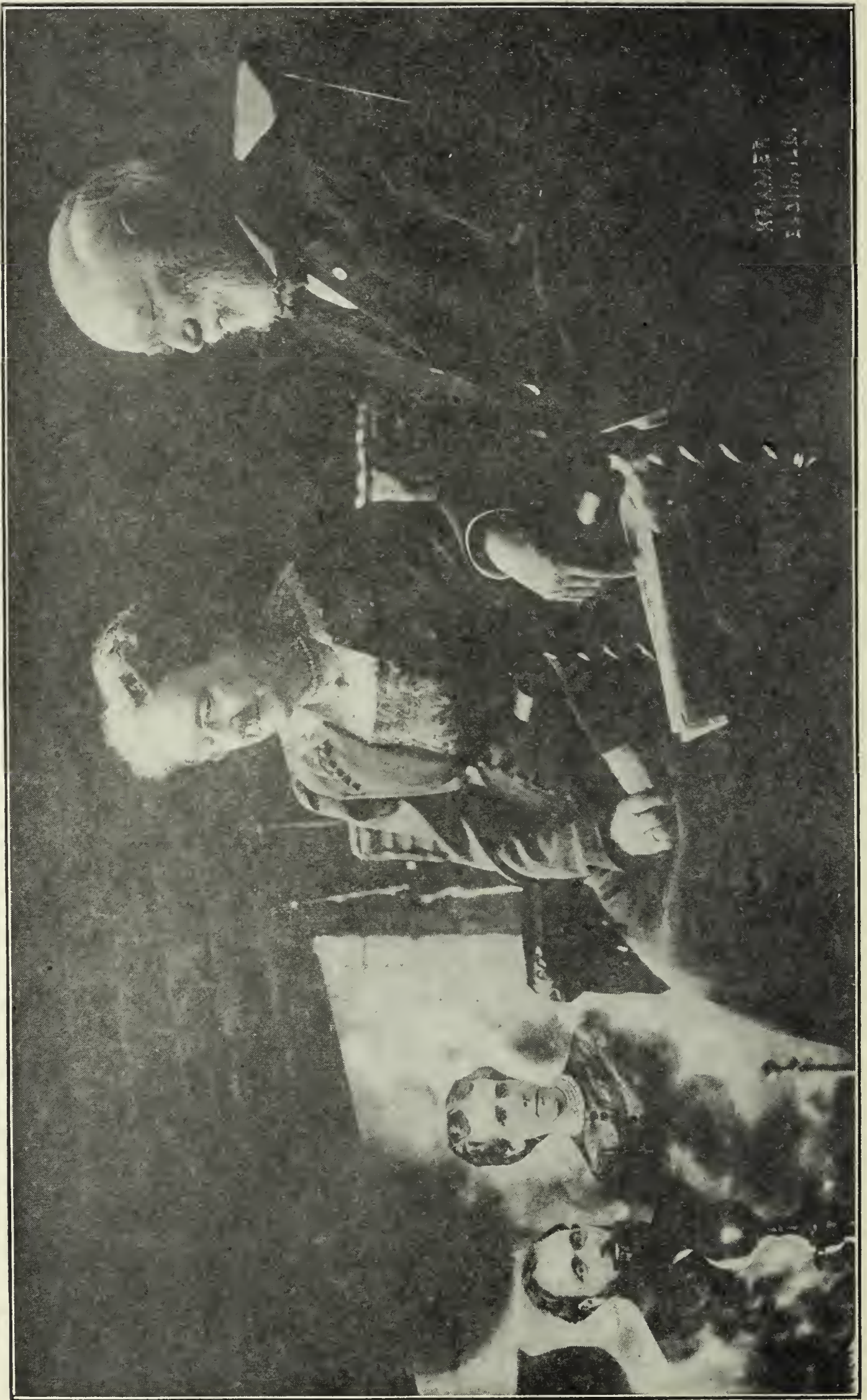
[RANDALL PARRISH in *The Chicago Tribune*.]

Down toward the deep blue water, marching to throb of drum,
 From city street and country lane the lines of khaki come;
 The rumbling guns, the sturdy tread, are full of grim appeal,
 While rays of western sunshine flash back from burnished steel;
 With eager eyes and cheeks aflame, the serried ranks advance;
 And your dear lad and my dear lad are on their way to France.

A sob clings choking in the throat, as file on file sweep by,
 Between those cheering multitudes, to where the great ships lie;
 The batteries halt, the columns wheel, the clear-toned bugle call,
 With shoulders squared and faces front they stand a khaki wall.
 Tears shine on every watcher's cheek, love speaks in every glance;
 For your dear lad and my dear lad are on their way to France.

Before them, through a mist of years in soldier buff or blue
 Brave comrades from a thousand fields watch now in proud review;
 The same old Flag, the same old Faith, the Freedom of the World—
 Spells Duty on those flapping folds above long ranks unfurled.
 Strong are the hearts which bear along Democracy's advance,
 As your dear lad and my dear lad go on their way to France.

The word rings out; a million feet tramp forward on the road,
 Along that path of sacrifice o'er which their fathers strode,
 With eager eyes and cheeks aflame, with cheers on smiling lips,
 These fighting men of '17 move onward to their ships.
 Nor even love may hold them back, or halt that stern advance,
 As your dear lad and my dear lad go on their way to France.



MR. AND MRS. W. H. BRYDGES.

IN RETROSPECT.

The picture on the opposite page is worthy of our study and appreciation. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brydges are celebrating their golden wedding anniversary. Mr. Brydyes is assistant superintendent of schools in Kane County. He was a soldier in the Union Army during the Civil War. He was married in 1867.

The photographer has skillfully arranged the setting so that this couple, on the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, looking into the fire, see rising out of the glowing embers, their faces as they appeared fifty years before.

DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity, for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution, to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

NOTE.—“The American’s Creed,” for which the city of Baltimore offered a prize of \$1,000, was made public to-day. Its selection was the result of a “National Citizens’ Creed Contest,” approved by President Wilson, Speaker Clark, and a host of famous Americans.

The author is William Tyler Page of Friendship Heights, Maryland, near Washington.—*The Chicago “Tribune.”*

EMBLEM OF FREEDOM.

[By THOMAS OSTENSON STINE.]

(From Stine’s book, “Echoes From Dreamland,” copyrighted, 1903. The whole edition of “Echoes From Dreamland” has been sold out, but a new volume of Stine’s poems will be published after the war.)

Emblem of freedom, how dearly I hail thee,
 Gleaming with spangles of victory won;
 Smiling with hope, which with longing has filled me,
 Courage and love that our fathers have shown.
 Firm in protection,
 Pure in affection,
 Pride of our country, the flag of the brave!
 Spirit awakens with fond recollection
 Deeds of our fathers that sleep in the grave.

Tyranny rallied with fury despairing,
 Peasants to battle for liberty flee;
 Washington leading and firmly declaring,
 “Yankees forever unconquered and free.”
 Land in commotion,
 War on the ocean,
 Never shall ruffle the flag on our shore,
 Flag that our fathers with blood and devotion
 Gallantly hoisted as onward they bore.



THE PRAIRIE STATE.

[By JOHN F. HOWARD.]

(Copyrighted, 1917, by John F. Howard. Courtesy of The Author.)

The foremost man of all the world
 Here honored Illinois,
 And reared a throne for humble worth
 That time can not destroy;
 Age after age great Lincoln's home
 Shall myriads revere,
 And pilgrims bow uncovered heads
 To dust that resteth here!

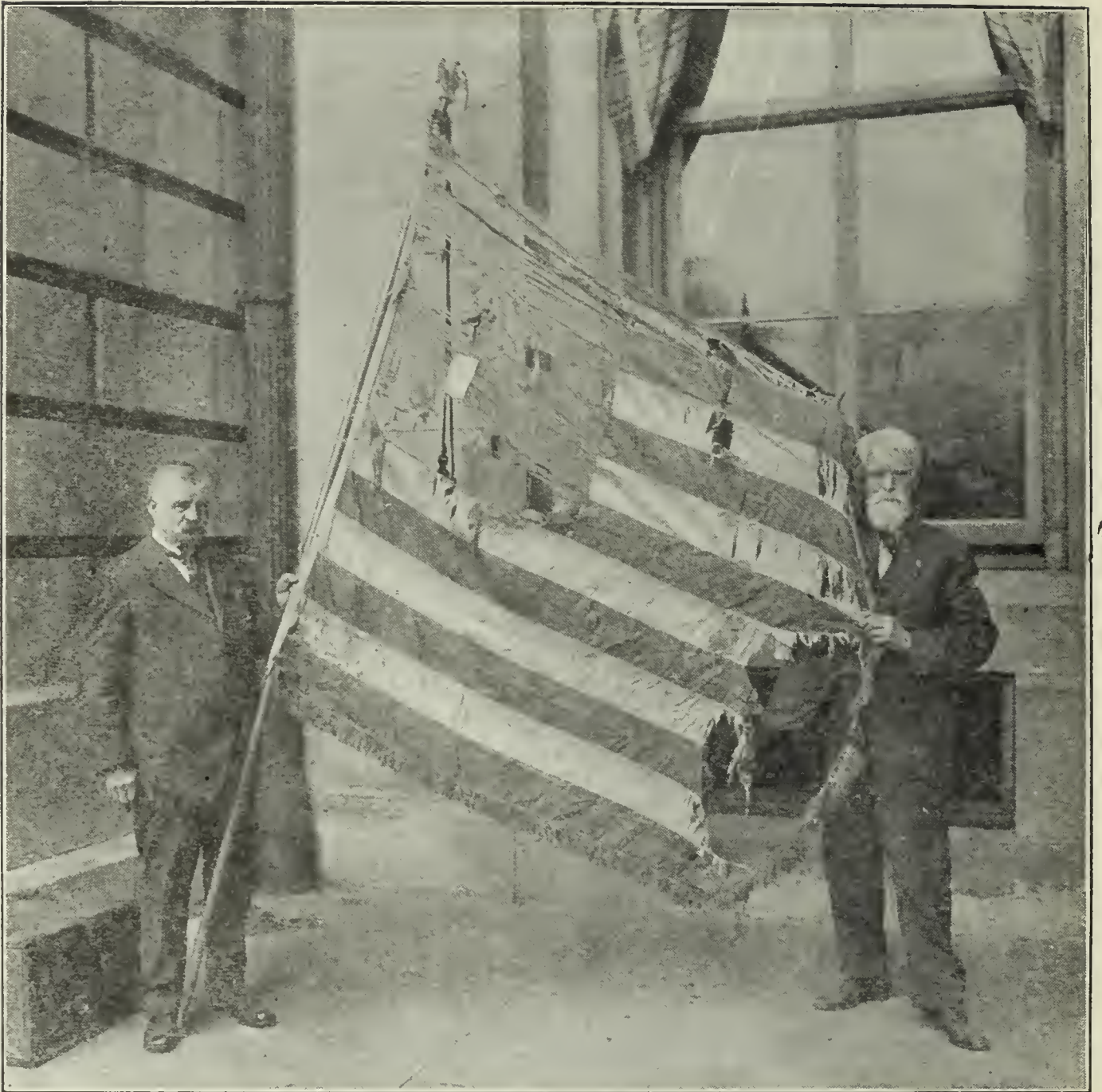
Refrain:

Awake, and sing the land we love
 And life's bright dream of joy,
 The Prairie State of kindly fate,
 Our dear old Illinois!

The native violet still blooms
 In glory of the spring,
 'Mid haunts where waking prairie larks
 In notes of transport sing!
 On happy breasts may it be worn,
 And cheer each heart forlorn—
 Blue violet of Illinois
 In dew and beauty born!

The noble lives that here went down
 Have left an afterglow,
 And promise of to-morrow fair
 The Prairie State shall know;
 With flow'rs and flags of stars we'll deck
 Each lone or shafted mound,
 That looks toward thy eastern sky
 With flush of morning crowned!

Long as Chicago towers in strength
 And Michigan doth roar,
 Or Father of the Waters moves
 Along thy glorious shore,
 For thee, for thee eternally
 Is love naught can destroy,
 And true hearts form thy bulwarks strong
 Oh, dear old Illinois!



BATTLE FLAG OF FIFTEENTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

With Names of Battles Through Which It was Carried—Shiloh, Siege of Corinth and Matamora. Col. A. H. Wheat, Co. F, 15th Ill. Vol., Is Holding the Flagstaff. Comrade W. H. Hodges Holds the Tattered Emblem.

MARCHING WITH THE COUNTRY.

[FRANK L. STANTON in *Journal of Education*.]

The old flag is a-doin' of her very level best,
 She's a rainbow roun' the country from the rosy east to the west;
 An' the eagle's in the elements with sunshine on his breast,
 An' we're marchin' with the country in the mornin'!

We're marchin' to the music that is ringin' far and nigh;
 You can hear the hallelujahs as the regiments go by;
 We'll live for this old country, or for freedom's cause we'll die—
 We're marchin' with the country in the mornin'!

HYMN TO THE REPUBLIC.

[By GROSVENOR CLARKSON.]

"I turn, then, and look to the American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1862.

Heed not the little mounting talk of little men
 Weigh long the faintest whisper of Almighty God;
 Peer far into the vistas of the common ken,
 Seek out the vision of the genius and the clod;
 Brood deep, O thou my country, silent to the gales
 That roar their pregnant furies 'round thy noble dreams.
Sons of the North, hold firm the scales!

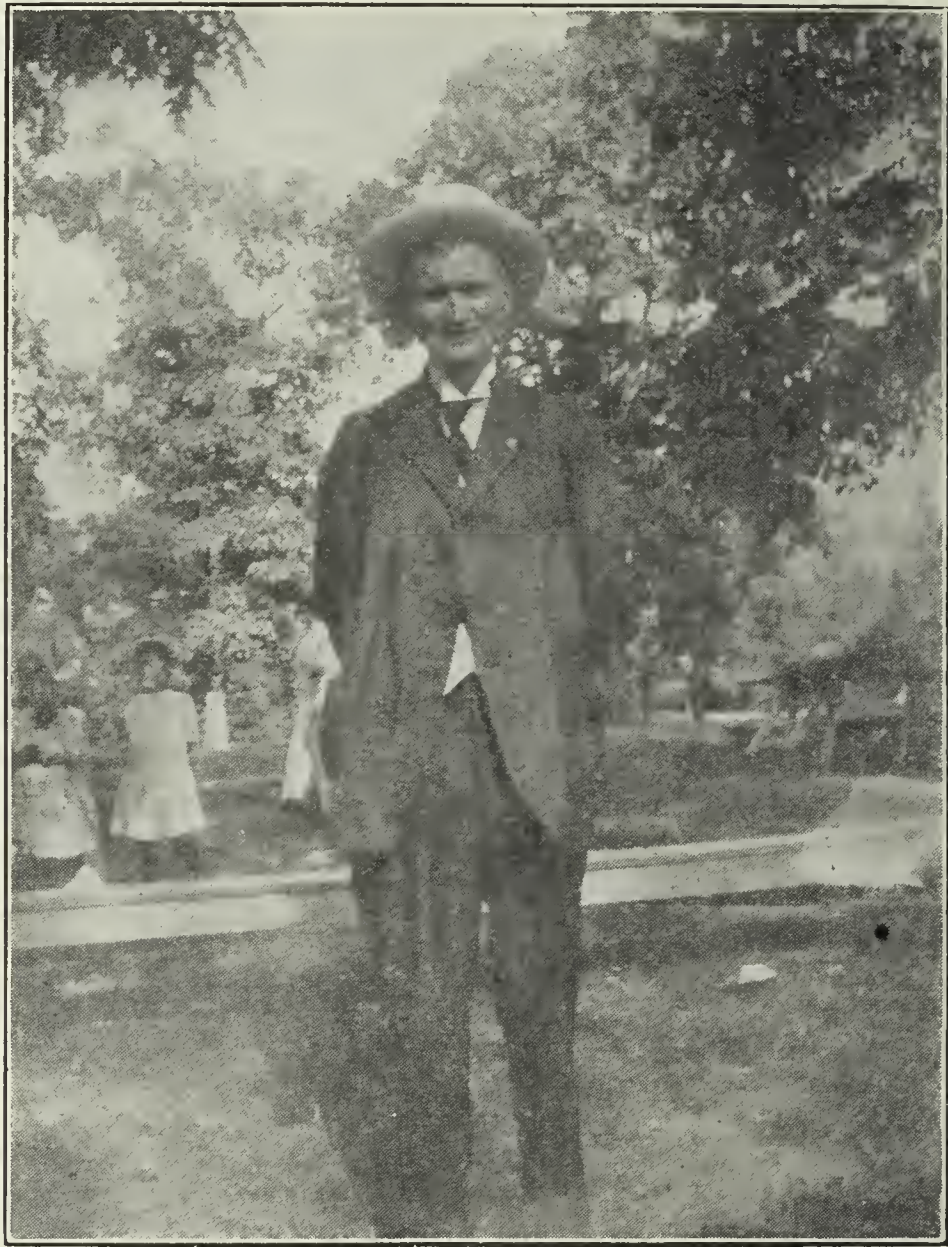
Across the cryptic seas beneath red reeling skies,
 Old lands in travail call the unawakened queen
 Of all the western world to sweep with them where dies
 Or lives their hope, which sentiment right alone keeps green;
 Where battle-gods that foolish men thought dead swing flails
 Of wrath and dust from sun to sun, from star to star.
Sons of the East, hold firm the scales!

Brood deep, O thou my country! Choose ye the peace.
 That may—who knows?—corrode thy mighty frame,
 Or do ye cast thy all into a timeless lease
 With fate? Only thy conscience can forestall thy shame.
 With one go fruitful ease and lack of women's wails,
 But where the bugles blow fame marries none but death.
Sons of the South, hold firm the scales!

Think well, and if at last ye shall unloose the sword,
 The singing of an hundred million throats shall swear
 It holds no stain and is the consecrated word
 Of purpose and of power, a flame to bear—
 Immortal until time has closed its epic tales—
 Before the sacred altars of a nation's soul.
Sons of the west, hold firm the scales!

A HUMAN LEAD MINE.

In a Kentucky community, back in the days when family feuds were common, they would point out to you a certain local survivor of these battles and say: "Look at that fellow over there. He's got so much lead in him he 'dassent' go in swimming." The case is not quite so bad with Comrade James M. Stevenson but the Confederates tried to make a human lead mine out of him at the battle of Shiloh. The records show that he received nine separate wounds in that battle.



COMRADE JAMES M. STEVENSON.

Three bullets struck after he had fallen to the ground. Now, one would reasonably suppose that the stopping of so many bullets would stop the career of Comrade Stevenson as a soldier. But he seems to have been a very unreasonable man in such matters.

It was on April 7, 1862, that the Rebel army used him for target practice, and with nine bullet wounds he was carried to the hospital. It was quite commonly believed by the soldiers that if there was anything in the war more deadly than Confederate bullets it was an army

hospital. But Stevenson survived both of them. His excess of lead weight, like the handicap on a thoroughbred horse, only spurred him to greater endeavor.

He regained his regiment in June of that year. He went through the siege of Vicksburg, being in a skirmish almost daily for thirty-eight days. Then with Sherman's army he marched to the sea. While on this march he was swimming the Chattahoochi River. A Confederate soldier struck him on the head with his musket, thinking perhaps that it was useless to waste bullets on him. But the gun proved as futile as the lead in stopping the career of this brave and valiant lad in blue. He did not quit until the Confederate army quit. He was mustered out of Co. B, 26th Mo., June 28, 1865. Now, at seventy-six years of age, he is alert and happy, full of the memories of a glorious past and keenly alive to the great issues of the present war. He has had many honors come to him since he received his honorable discharge from the Union army, but the greatest of these honors is that he has a grandson, Harold R. Stevenson, fighting to-day in the world's greatest war for the world's greatest cause. Let us hope that the grandson will prove himself worthy of such a grandsire.

THE WAR GLOBE.

[MINNA IRVING in *Leslie's*.]

Herrmann, the famous conjurer,
Took rabbits from a hat,
And omelets, eggs and peeping
chicks
All in a manner pat;
And Hindu necromancers oft
Have thrilled the layman's soul,
Producing living goldfish from
An empty crystal bowl.
But Uncle Sam can beat them all,
And show them something new
And far more wonderful than what
These wizards used to do.
Into a globe of glass before
You know what he's about,
He puts a slip of paper and
An army marches out.



Uncle Sam, Jr., Visits the School.

MURAL PICTURES AND RELIEFS.

The Twenty-fifth General Assembly, in 1867, passed an act providing for the erection of a new State House. The final appropriation for this purpose was passed in 1885 and the building was not completed until 1888, twenty-one years after it was authorized. It is not known who was employed to make the mural paintings representative of historic events in the growth of the State. T. Nicolai was employed to display in ideal symbolic form the chief historic stages of the State's development. These symbolic figures fashioned in relief form a frieze in the rotunda on the inner bow of the dome. He died before it was entirely completed and left no key to meaning of these groups. Until 1910 it was the custom of the watchmen in the building to explain to visitors these mural pictures and reliefs. For some reason this custom was discontinued. To be sure the paintings have little, if any, artistic value, but they have acquired a distinct value as attempts, however unsuccessful, to display important events in the history of Illinois. The very fact that they are on the walls of our Capitol building, invests them with interests to every student of our State history. With the cleaning of the walls and the retouching of these pictures, it has been possible to photograph them. From these photographs the cuts which appear in this circular were made.

The symbolic reliefs by Nicolai show artistic power in conception and in execution. They are certainly worthy of special attention during this centennial year. We have attempted to give an interpreting legend to each one of these groups.

Bas Reliefs from Frieze in Dome of Capitol Building.



Pioneer Trader and His Home.



Pioneer Going to Work—Indians in Ambush.



Surrender of British to Virginians.



Settlers and Soldiers Holding Parley with Indians.



Pioneers Battle with Indians.



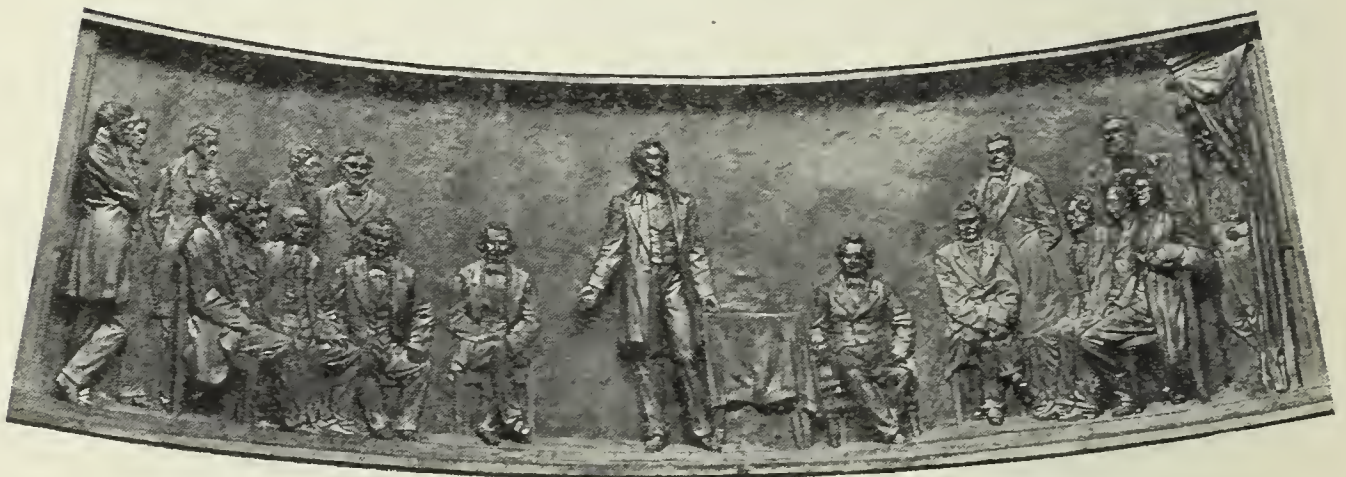
Discussing Conditions of Peace with Indians.



The Pioneer Preacher.



Pioneer Court-Room Scene.



Lincoln and Douglas Debate.



Mural Painting in Capitol Building Showing Joliet and Marquette on the DesPlaines River Near Joliet.



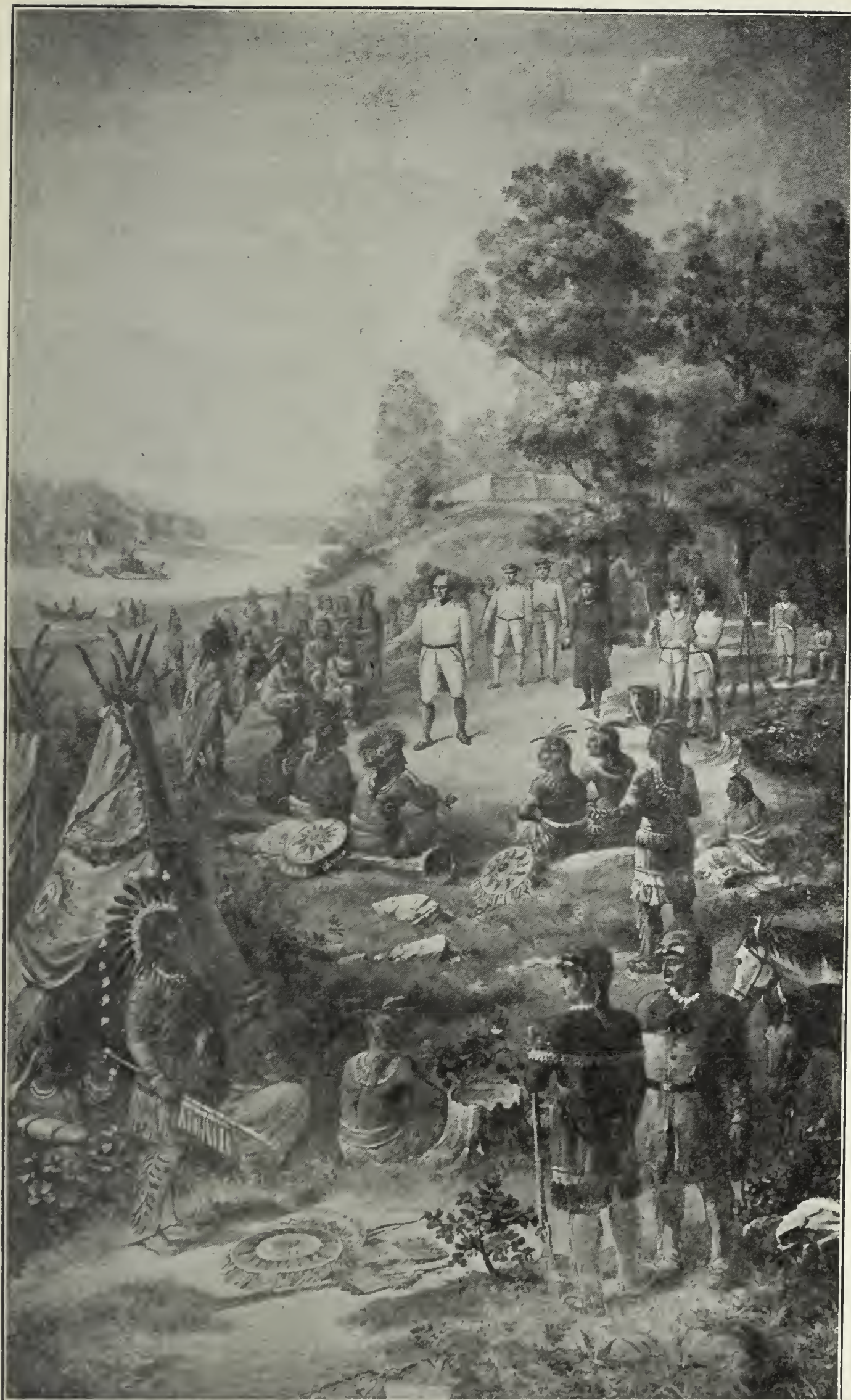
Mural Painting in Capitol Building Showing Fort Dearborn, Chicago.



Mural Painting in Capitol Building Showing Starved Rock—On Illinois River
Near Ottawa.



Mural Painting in Capitol Building Showing Fort Chartres.



Mural Painting in Capitol Building Showing George Rogers Clark in Council with Indians.



Mural Painting in Capitol Building Showing Governor Coles Freeing His Slaves.



Mural Painting in Capitol Building Showing Street in New Salem.



Mural Painting in Capitol Building Showing Lincoln on Flatboat on Sangamon River Near New Salem.



Mural Painting in Capitol Building Showing Grant Taking Command at Cairo.

THE EAGLE IN FRANCE.

[FRANCES GERTRUDE BOND.]

Somewhere in France the sunset,
 As it sinks into the sea,
 Is shining on Old Glory
 Where it waves for you and me.

Whispers low a sighing night wind
 O'er a battlefield's new grave
 Darkened with its row of soldiers
 And the lifeblood that they gave.

There's a requiem of shrapnel,
 Where the stars their nightwatch keep,
 And boys from California
 Lie with sons of France asleep.

Hats off and a prayer for the soldier,
 Who's taking the one great chance,
 Who's daring and fighting and dying
 For the Eagle, now in France.

I HAVE A SON.

[EMORY POTTLE in *Saturday Evening Post*.]

I have a son who goes to France
 Tomorrow.
 I have clasped his hand—
 Most men will understand—
 And wished him, smiling, lucky chance in France.

My son!
 At last the house is still—
 Just the dog and I in the garden—dark—
 Stars and my pipe's red spark—
 The house his young heart used to fill
 Is still.

He said one day, "I've got to go
 To France—Dad, you know how I feel!"
 I knew. Like sun and steel
 And morning. "Yes," I said, "I know
 You'll go."

I'd waited just to hear him speak
 Like that.
 God, what if I had had
 Another sort of lad,
 Something too soft and meek and weak
 To speak!

And yet!
 He could not guess the blow
 He'd struck.
 Why, he's my only son!
 And we had just begun
 To be dear friends. But I dared not show
 The blow.

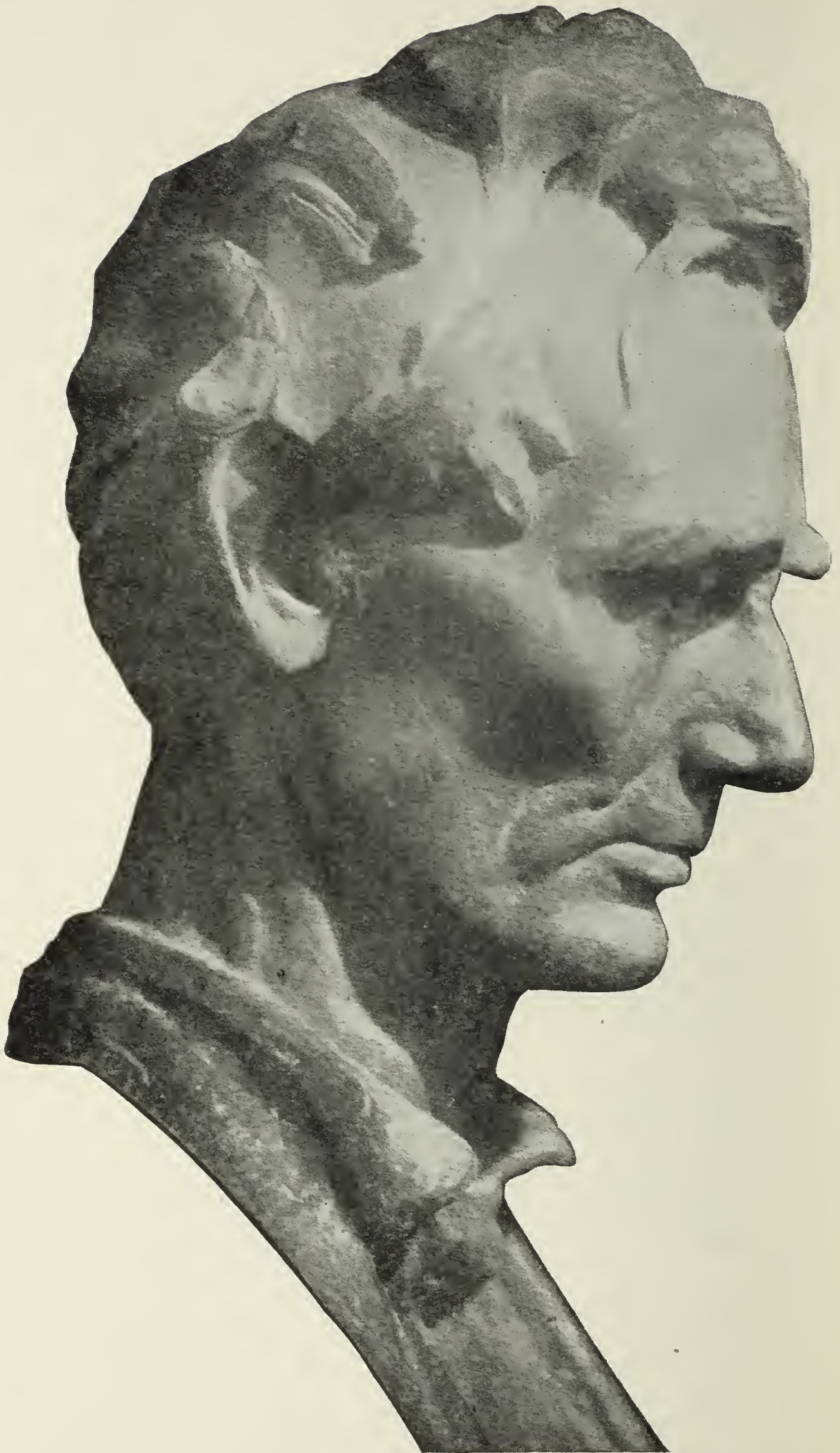
But now—to-night—
 No, no; it's right,
 I never had a righter thing
 To bear. And men must fling
 Themselves away in the grieving sight
 Of right.

A handsome boy—but I, who knew
 His spirit—well, they can not mar
 The cleanness of a star
 That'll shine to me, always and true
 Who knew.

I've given him.
 Yes, and had I more,
 I'd give them, too—for there's a love
 That asking, asks above
 The human measure of our store—
 And more.

Yes, it hurts!
 Here in the dark, alone—
 No one to see my wet old eyes—
 I'll watch the morning rise—
 And only God shall hear my groan
 Alone.

I have a son who goes to France
 To-morrow.
 I have clasped his hand—
 Most men will understand—
 And wished him, smiling, lucky chance
 In France.



DEDICATION SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG.

[ABRAHAM LINCOLN.]

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new Nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that Nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1905.

[THEODORE ROOSEVELT.]

Much has been given to us and much will rightfully be expected from us. We have duties to others and duties to ourselves; and we can shirk neither. We have become a great Nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth; and we must behave as beseems a people with such responsibilities. Toward all other nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship. We must show not only in our words but in our deeds that we are earnestly desirous of securing their good will by acting toward them in a spirit of just and generous recognition of all their rights.

We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the freemen who compose it. But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work, they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy.



Rich. Yates

MEMORIAL DAY IN 1869.

[Address of Senator RICHARD YATES at Jacksonville as printed in the *St. Louis Dispatch* Thursday, June 17, 1869.]

The following is the address delivered by Senator Yates at Jacksonville on Decoration Day over the graves of the soldiers:

The simple and beautiful act of decorating the graves of our slain heroes with wreaths of evergreen and garlands of flowers, needs no tongue to praise it. It is more eloquent than the richest oratory which can fall from human lips. God Himself planted the first garden, made the earth to bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, the tree yielding fruit, and every plant of the field and rivers went out of Eden to water the garden. He made the garden beautiful with "flowery arbors and alleys green," with fount, and tree and flowing water, "lilies of the field" more beautiful in array "than Solomon in all his glory," and plants of rarest flowers.

"Roses and daisies thick,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth."

Flowers have spells of power on the heart and the instant we behold them, "they seize upon the affections." Lord Byron says:

"'Tis the opening bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty."

While the dead may not behold these ceremonies, yet, for the living, it is perhaps the tenderest and aptest way of paying our respects to the dead—imparting to the mind the beautiful idea that our love is sweet and beautiful as the flower, and that though the flower may wither before the sun, yet that our love and regard shall remain forever fresh and green as the flowers are fresh and green when strewn upon the graves of departed loved ones.

Nor is it difficult for the creative or speculative mind to imagine that the spirits of our patriotic boys are floating around us, and in our midst, and blessing us, as we strew roses on their graves in gratitude for their sufferings and noble deeds.

"Imagination waves her fairy wand,
The spirits of the mouldering dead come forth."

The custom of planting and strewing flowers on the graves of departed friends prevailed for centuries past in Greece and Rome, in Switzerland, in England, and in most countries of Europe. The English poet tells of a beautiful sentiment, cherished by the English peasantry, who desired that they might die in the springtime, "to have store of flowers stuck upon their winding sheets."

In the "Maid's Tragedy" is thus described the melancholy of a broken-hearted girl:

"When she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she, with a sigh, will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in, and make her maids
Pluck 'em and strew her over like a corse."

Beneath yonder monument lies the remains of a gallant soldier of another war, who died for his country, grappling with the foe—the great and good Hardin. He left some beautiful lines as to the place of his burial, the last of which I give:

“But bury me when I shall die,
 ‘Midst woods and flowers rare;
 When o’er my grave the winds may sigh,
 The birds may sing, and friends are nigh,
 Oh! bury me, then, there!”

If the departed soldier is not permitted to look upon the scene now before us, at least their living comrades, who shared with them the dangers and glories of their campaign, have the proud consolation of seeing and feeling that the services of the faithful and gallant soldier, in the cause of his country, are appreciated, and that when they, too, shall lie down with their comrades beneath clods of the valley, that their memories will forever live fresh and green in the hearts of their countrymen. Their graves, too, shall be pilgrim shrines—

“There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To deck the turf that wraps their clay,
 And freedom shall anon repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

As he goes with his floral offering to the graves of his fallen comrades, the living soldier will remember how the old flag waved o’er his head on the weary march; the deadly skirmish line, the impetuous assault, amidst the roar of cannon, the roll of musketry and the clash of bayonets, and his eye will gleam with delight at each new sight of that old flag, which he so proudly followed, as it streamed on fields of fire.

These affecting ceremonies will serve to remind us of our duty to the poor, the lame and maimed and scar-worn veterans, who, side by side with their fallen comrades, fought the good fight, and, standing by the graves of the fallen brave to-day, reminds us that the indigent orphan boy or girl of the soldier is the child of the Republic, and must be supported and educated at the expense of the State.

Such occasions as these will serve to animate and vivify the patriotism of our people, and to inspire our hearts with new and firm resolution to maintain the cause and principles which have cost so much. Ours be the high and sacred duty to see that these, our neighbors and friends, have not died in vain. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew Nature’s loveliest beauties around the soldier’s grave; decorate these graves with the beautiful offerings of your gratitude for the patient endurance, heroic deeds and noble sacrifices of the immortal dead, who suffered for our country and for us; for the union of our land, and the cause of civil and religious liberty.

Oh! what a cause was that for which they fought. It towers in sublimity. It was indeed sublime, this rally of a great people to the defense of their national honor, liberty and union. Civil war needs momentous and solemn justification—we had it. It was a war of self-defense. The South opened the war with cannon shot on Fort Sum-

ter. "Then the hour struck." Then this great people, rather than see the United States riven asunder, rather than the Republic should die by the assassin blows of traitors, resolved that they would crowd the rank and file of the army and the navy with a million of men, and empty the vaults of every bank of loyal North America to foot the bill, if necessary, to crush out the rebellion. It was also the cause of humanity. Our gallant soldiers fought, not to lift up the rich and the proud, but the poor and the lowly. They snapped in twain the chains which held in cruel bondage, in gross ignorance and in shameful degradation four millions of our fellowmen. The Nation stretched forth her imperial hand, and lifted up these downtrodden millions to manhood, to the equal rights of human nature, and to American citizenship.

The name or title of the "American Volunteer" is illustrious with all that is good, and noble, and great. Around that simple name clusters all that is glorious in devotion to country, all that is precious or dear in liberty, all that is grand in lofty prowess, and all that is sublime in brilliant achievements. No hero of antiquity, no soldier in modern warfare, ever scaled such a shining summit of human fame as the "American Volunteer." He made the name of the Republic a triumph and a joy at home, and in foreign lands. He fought against secession, slavery and barbarism for a higher civilization, for progress, the union of the states, for the life of the Nation, and to establish upon solid and enduring foundations the equal rights, liberty and happiness of all the children of God. He placed the capstone upon the temple of liberty, which our fathers had built, and consecrated it to the freedom and enfranchisement of all men without regard to caste. The "American Volunteer," though he may now sleep in these lowly tenements of clay, speaks through history way down the coming centuries, and says to all succeeding generations as the Nation grows in power and grandeur, with her institutions, the noblest and freest; her civilization, the highest and the purest; and her flag, the most honored of the world—"This Nation, these institutions, this civilization, and that flag are mine, for I fought and died to secure them to me and you, and your and my posterity forever."

What pen could portray the disaster, the ruin and the death which would have covered this land if our enemies had consummated their traitor schemes of discord and disunion? The answer to this question shows, in some measure, the immense debt of gratitude we owe the three hundred thousand brave and gallant spirits who sealed their devotion to liberty and to the Nation with their precious blood.

Oh! what a sacrifice was there, my countrymen, on the altar of patriotic duty! Three hundred thousand bloody shrouds in long, ghastly procession before us. There rises up before us five hundred battlefields, strewn with the dead, the wounded and the dying, and a million of "bosoms bared to whatever of terror there may be in war and death." All these we have seen, but, thanks be to our dead and living soldiers, all now is peace and we shall see them no more. And here was also the sacrifice, not only of life, but of affection. The father willingly gave up his son to his country's service, though he knew he might return lame, maimed or wounded—without a leg or an

arm—or, never returning, sleep the sleep of death in an unknown grave in a far-off land. The widowed mother, in many thousand instances, gave up all her sons or her only son; the farmer and the mechanic sent their sons forth, and vacant places have been made at the hearthstone of almost every northern loyal household that the life of the Republic might be saved. It was the sacrifice of affection, for if there is one tie stronger than another, it is the tie that binds the devoted wife to the husband—how strong the tie “in the hidden soul of sympathy” which binds the father to his boy, and who can fathom the ocean depth of a mother’s love?

Go to that little cabin by the brook, or on the hillside, and see the fond wife and fond mother standing in the doorway, and, with blinding tears, bidding adieu to all she has or loves on earth. We see the husband or son on their winding way—

“Upon the hill they turn to take
A last fond look
Of the valley and the village church
And the cottage by the brook.”

Alas! when that wife and mother stood in that same doorway watching the return of the army, how her cheek turned pale. Alas! the face of that bright-eyed boy lies pale in death, and that husband never more shall return.

“Alas! nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home.”

Far off on the banks of southern rivers, on many a hillside, or in valleys low, in many a sequestered nook, in narrow little tenements repose the bones of our noble dead. No kind wife, mother or sister there to console the spirit as it passed the boundary stream of life. No friendly hand to strew flowers on his grave. “He sleeps his last sleep. He has fought his last battle. No sound shall wake him to glory again.”

But he died for his country. He has gone but a little while before us—we may not fill as honorable graves.

“His name shall never be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
And Glory points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.”

Among the brave and gallant youth from Jacksonville, whose bones repose in our cemeteries, there are but three whom it was my privilege personally to know—one was the brave and noble son of our honored neighbor, James Anderson; another who will forever be remembered by his comrades as the child of genius and the soul of chivalry was the gifted and gallant Frank Adams. The grave of the other I have often visited, and I trust it is no shame to me to say that a tear stole unbidden to my eye when I heard of the death of noble, brave and generous Matthew Starr. He leaves in the hearts of all who knew him the tenderest recollections. Honest, faithful, brave, he felt that all his life and all his strength belonged to his country. Of

all the men I ever commissioned I knew of none whose death I more lamented. Fragrant as the flowers we lay upon the turf which wrap his clay; fresh and green as the grass that grows o'er his grave, so fragrant, fresh and green shall be our memory of thee, our good boy—true, noble, heroic Matthew Starr.

And for all these brave, heroic men, whose bones repose in our cemeteries, we will leave fresh, bright flowers upon their tombs—sweet memorials of our love and gratitude for the men who fought and died in the most sacred cause of their country—freedom and humanity.

We owe them for their sacrifices a debt which we can never pay. Let us at least with each return of laughing, light-footed, joyous spring, as her warm breath passes down the valleys and rises over the hills, as the meadows stretch out green before the eye and the buds are swelling, the flowers blooming and the birds are singing, let us repair to these consecrated grounds of our glorious martyred dead.

Well did Moore's flower-loving nymph, the peri of the air, exclaim:

"Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that breaks and bleeds in her cause."

THE SOLDIER.

[MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.]

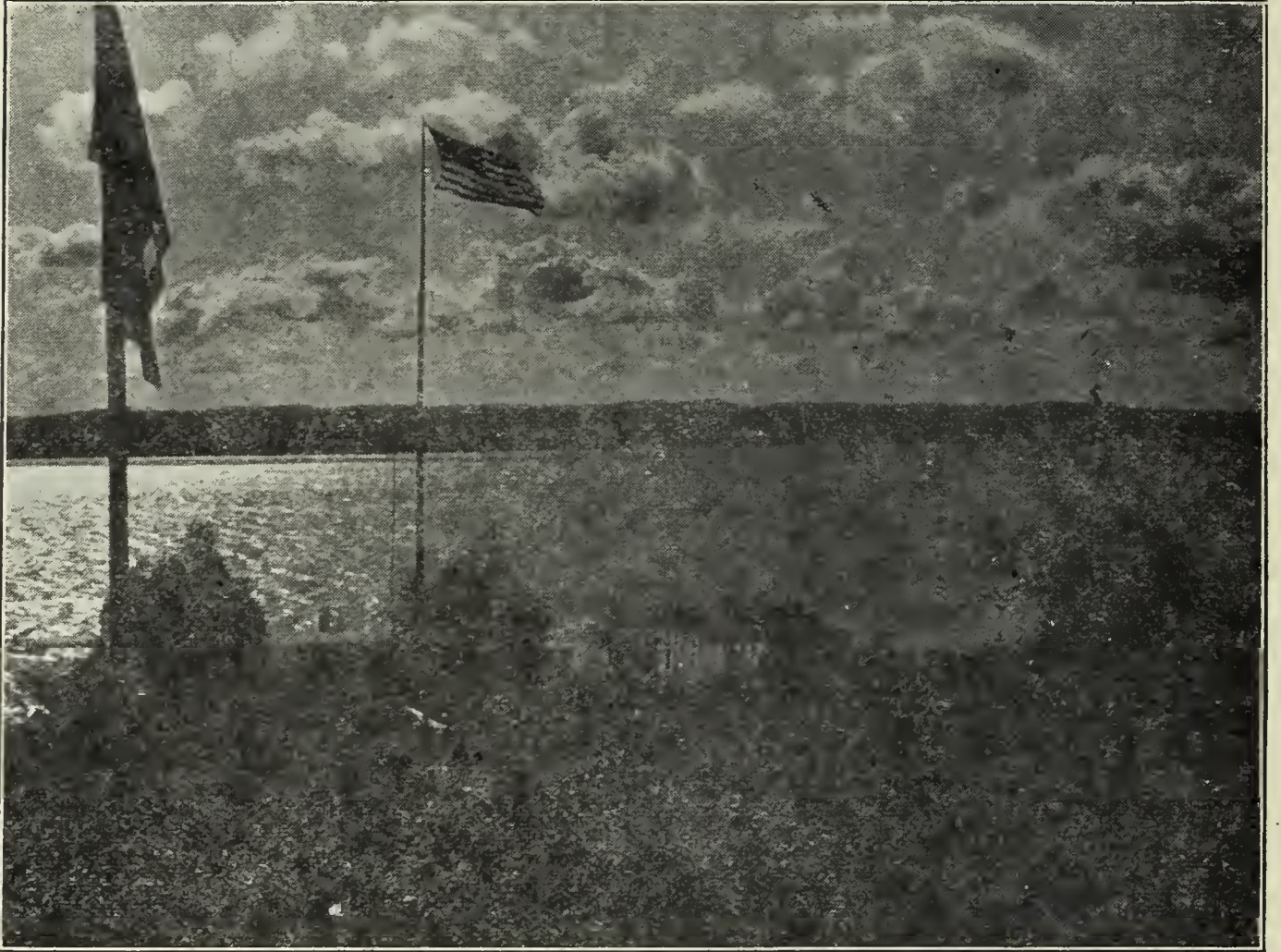
He moves among his fellow men, quiet and straight and strong,
Ready to join the gallant host that fights the mighty Wrong;
He doesn't feel like a hero—he is just a human boy,
With a modest pride in his uniform and a deep sustaining joy.

He's not a part of the conquering horde—a vast inhuman plan;
He has not known the savage spur that finds the brute in the man;
He's a little shy and a little kind—he rather dreads to kill,
But he'll set his lips and sight his gun and go to it with a will!

He wouldn't be called a "crusader"; he wouldn't pose as a knight;
But his soul has felt the accolade of the sacred sword of right;
He's springing now to the stern defense of a world whose wounds are
sore,
And there's a light in his grave young eyes that was never there before.

Oh, mother of his, be glad of him; Be proud of his willing heart,
So ready to place his life at stake, so eager to play his part.
Be true to him, and be brave to him; steady your sighing breath;
He is yours to-day on the spirit's height—he is yours in life or death.

Soldier of ours, go out, then, with gallant soul and gay!
Young manhood is the bravest thing in all the world to-day.
Could we but fight or die with you! The time is sad and long;
But our hearts are beating high with you to the drum and the marching
song.



Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming.

Now and then, here and there, liberty had for a moment caressed humanity's brow. But not until the Republic of the West was born, not until the Star-Spangled Banner rose toward the skies, was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding Nation.—*Archbishop Ireland.*

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

[Words by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. Music by DR. SAMUEL ARNOLD.]

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming:
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus:

O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
 In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.

Chorus:

'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

Chorus:

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation,
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
 Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a Nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

Chorus:

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 While the land of the free is the home of the brave!

Executive Mansion
Washington, April 30, 1864

Lieutenant General Grant,

Not expecting to see you again before the Spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know, or seek to know. You are vigilant and self reliant, and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster, or the capture of our men in great numbers, shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

And now with a brave Army, and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Yours very truly
A. Lincoln.

THE FLAG—AND YOU.

[DANIEL HENDERSON.]

You fling out Old Glory; you sing her proud story;
 Her history thrills you through.
 In peace you march near her; you bid people cheer her;
 You're glad she stands guard over you.
 But, friend, in what manner do you serve the banner?
 Is your part just plaudits and brag?
 Do you see but beauty where others read duty?
 How much have you put in your flag?

'Tis not her star cluster, 'tis not her stripes' luster
 That gives her sublimity,
 Our banner is human; strong men and brave women
 Are wrought in the flag of the free.
 'Tis the service they render that causes their splendor—
 Without them Old Glory's a rag.
 She calls—foes assail her. Will you help—or fail her?
 How much will you give to your flag?

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

[H. W. SMITH.]

That flag has brought more joy to humble hearthstones than any insignia of government that ever floated in the sun-kissed breezes of heaven.



GRANT.

The red in that flag is redder than the sun rising on the eastern horizon with a face of ineffable splendor. Redder than the carnation flower whose colors were brewed in the workshops of heaven. It typifies the blood that flowed in rivulets down the slopes of Bunker Hill and stained the snows of Valley Forge.

The white in that flag is whiter than the driven snow as it falls uncontaminated from the matchless hands of God. It typifies the purity of that patriotism that animated American manhood in a thousand blood-fought fields and a hundred crimson seas.

The blue of that flag is bluer than the arch dome of heaven; bluer than the modest violet that blossoms in the wooded glen on the sunny side of the old log. It typifies the sacrifice of the mother who gave her first-born on the altar of his country, and kneeling at his vacant chair asks God for strength to comfort her aching heart; takes the sword from the nerveless hand of the dead hero and buckles it to the wrist of her stripling son and bids him go forth and conquer, or never return.

THE OLD FLAG FOREVER.

[FRANK L. STANTON.]

She's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped;
 She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
 And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—
 The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars gleam!
 And the stripes like red signals of liberty stream!
 And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream
 'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars
 Nor blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
 The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars,
 She's the flag of our country forever!

TO MY SOLDIER BOY IN KHAKI.

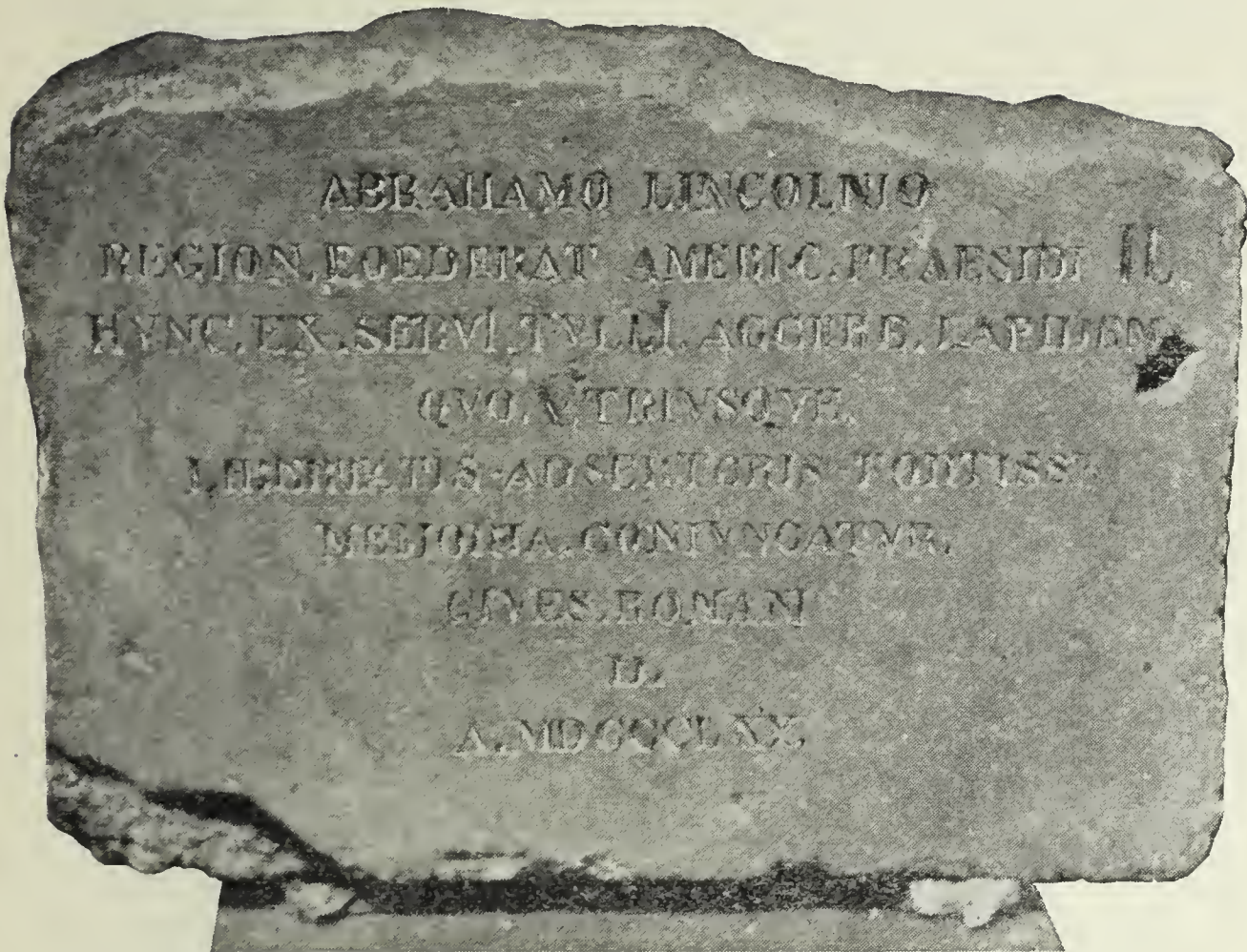
[R. G. BEALS.]

To my soldier boy in khaki,
 Boy of mine, boy of mine,
 Watching, waiting, working "somewhere"
 In the line, in the line;
 Take this message full of love
 With a prayer to God above
 For my soldier boy in khaki,
 Boy of mine.

Oh, my heart is with you "somewhere,"
 Boy of mine, boy of mine.
 And I long to march beside you
 In the line, in the line;
 And my thoughts will always be
 On the land or on the sea
 With my soldier boy in khaki,
 Boy of mine.

Love to you, my boy in khaki,
 Boy of mine, boy of mine.
 E'er be true to trust and duty
 In the line, in the line;
 Then when freedom's work is done
 And the truth and right have won
 I shall greet my boy in khaki,
 Boy of mine.

ITALY AND AMERICA.



"TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT FOR THE SECOND TIME OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC, CITIZENS OF ROME PRESENT THIS STONE, FROM THE WALL OF SERVIUS TULLIUS, BY WHICH THE MEMORY OF EACH OF THESE ASSERTORS OF LIBERTY MAY BE ASSOCIATED. 1865."

 THE DUTIES OF THE CITIZEN.

[ELIHU ROOT.]

To this great conflict for human rights and human liberty America has committed herself. There can be no backward step. There must be either humiliating and degrading submission or terrible defeat or glorious victory. It was no human will that brought up to this pass. It was not the President. It was not Congress. It was not the press. It was not any political party. It was not any section or part of our people.

It was that in the providence of God the mighty forces that determine the destinies of mankind beyond the control of human purpose have brought to us the time, the occasion, the necessity that this peaceful people so long enjoying the blessings of liberty and justice for which their fathers fought and sacrificed shall again gird themselves for conflict, and with all the forces of mankind nurtured and strengthened by liberty offer again the sacrifice of possessions and of life itself, that this Nation may still be free, that the mission of American democracy shall not have failed, that the world shall be free.—From *"Our Country's Call to Service,"* Scott, Foresman & Company, Chicago.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT.

[From *The Congo* and Other Poems, by VACHEL LINDSAY.]

(Published by The MacMillan Company.)

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old courthouse pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high-top hat and plain worn shawl,
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie lawyer, master of us all.

He can not sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us: As in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He can not rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come; the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the Worker's earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

AMERICA, MY COUNTRY.

[By JENS K. GRONDAHL.]

(Copyrighted by *Daily Republican*, Red Wing, Minn.)

America, my country, I come at thy call;
 I plight thee my troth and I give thee my all;
 In peace or in war I am wed to thy weal—
 I'll carry thy flag thru the fire and the steel.
 Unsullied it floats o'er our peace-loving race,
 On sea nor on land shall it suffer disgrace;
 In rev'rence I kneel at sweet liberty's shrine:
 America, my country, command, I am thine!

America, my country, brave souls gave thee birth—
 They yearned for a haven of freedom on earth;
 And when thy proud flag to the winds was unfurled,
 There came to thy shores the oppressed of the world.
 Thy milk and thy honey flow freely for all—
 Who takes of thy bounty shall come at thy call;
 Who quaffs of thy nectar of freedom shall say:
 America, my country, command, I obey!

America, my country, now come is thy hour—
 The Lord of hosts counts on thy courage and power;
 Humanity pleads for the strength of thy hand,
 Lest liberty perish on sea and on land.
 Thou guardian of freedom, thou keeper of right,
 When liberty bleeds we may trust in thy might,
 Divine right of kings or our freedom must fall—
 America, my country, I come at thy call!

Chorus:

America, my country, I answer thy call,
 That freedom may live and that tyrants may fall;
 I owe thee my all and my all will I give—
 I do and I die that America may live.

SIGNIFICANT DATES IN THE HISTORY OF ILLINOIS.

- 1673. Joliet and Marquette, French explorers, first reached the Illinois country.
- 1675. Kaskaskia Mission founded near present site of city of Utica by Father Marquette.
- 1682. Fort St. Louis of the Rock erected on Starved Rock by LaSalle.
- 1699. Cahokia Mission established near site of present city of East St. Louis.
- 1700. Kaskaskia Mission established and Kaskaskia Indians removed to site known as Kaskaskia, which became the principal city of the Illinois country, and Territorial Capital and first State Capital of Illinois, near present city of Chester.
- 1718, }
1720. } First Fort Chartres built by the French.
- 1721. Slaves first brought into the Illinois country.
- 1763. Illinois country, together with Canada, ceded to the British by the French.
- 1765. British soldiers take possession of Fort Chartres and the Illinois country.
- 1778. George Rogers Clark conquers the Illinois country for Virginia.
- 1778. October. County of Illinois created by the Virginia Legislature.
- 1779. Col. John Todd, commandant of the Illinois County of Virginia, organizes a temporary government at Kaskaskia.
- 1783. Treaty of Peace with Great Britain recognizes title of the United States to the Illinois Country.
- 1784. March 1. Virginia cedes Northwest Territory to the United States.
- 1784. April. First ordinance for the Northwest Territory.
- 1787. July 13. Ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory.
- 1790. Governor Arthur St. Clair visits Kaskaskia.
County of St. Clair organized.
- 1795. Judge Turner holds court for St. Clair County.
Records removed from Cahokia to Kaskaskia.
Randolph County created.
Treaty of Greenville has part of Illinois reserved for Indian occupancy.
- 1799. General Assembly organized for Northwest Territory. Illinois sends two representatives.
- 1800. May 7. Formation of Indiana Territory, which included Illinois.
- 1809. February 3. Illinois Territory organized.
- 1809. April 24. Ninian Edwards appointed Territorial Governor.
- 1809. June. Governor and judges first met as a law-making body at Kaskaskia.
- 1812. May 21. Illinois raised to second grade of Territorial Government.
October. Election of Territorial officers and delegate to Congress.
- 1812. First session of Territorial Legislature at Kaskaskia.
- 1812, }
1815. } The second war with Great Britain.
- 1812. August 15. Massacre of Fort Dearborn.
- 1813. Preemption Act for Illinois passed by Congress.

- 1818. April 18. Act of Congress enabling the people of Illinois to form a State Constitution and fixing present northern boundary line of the State.
- 1818. July. Election of members of Constitutional Convention.
- 1818. August 26. Constitutional Convention adopted and proclaimed a State Constitution for Illinois.
- 1818. September 17. First election of State officers.
- 1818. October 5. First State General Assembly met at Kaskaskia.
- 1818. October 6. Shadrach Bond inaugurated as first Governor of the State of Illinois.
- 1818. December 3. Illinois formally admitted as a State of the Federal Union.
- 1820. Removal of State offices to Vandalia.
- 1823. Legislature passes resolution for Constitutional Convention.
- 1823. December 9. Statehouse destroyed by fire.
- 1824. Resolution for Constitutional Convention voted down at general election.
- 1825. First General School Law enacted.
- 1825. General LaFayette visits Illinois.
- 1832. Black Hawk War.
- 1833. Town of Chicago incorporated.
- 1837. February. Bill passed General Assembly making Springfield capital of State.
- 1838. November 8. First locomotive in Illinois run on Northern Cross Railroad.
- 1846. Troops leave for Mexican War.
- 1848. New Constitution for the State ratified by the people.
- 1850. Congressional land grant for Illinois Central Railroad.
- 1851. Illinois Central Railroad Company incorporated by the State. (Road built by 1856.)
- 1855. General Education Law passed.
- 1858. The Lincoln-Douglas Debates.
- 1860. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois elected President of the United States.
- 1861. Civil War begins. First call for volunteers by President Lincoln and Governor Yates. Illinois Democrats and Republicans unite in support of the Union.
- 1861. June 3. Stephen A. Douglas dies at Chicago.
- 1862. Third State Constitutional Convention. Proposed Constitution rejected by the people.
- 1863. Legislature of Illinois accepts Congressional Grant of Land for establishing Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.
- 1864. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois reelected President of the United States.
- 1865. Illinois the first State to ratify the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery.
Repeal of the Black Code.
- 1865. April 14. Abraham Lincoln assassinated at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C. Dies April 15.
- 1867. Illinois ratifies the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.
The State University incorporated.
- 1868. Ulysses S. Grant of Illinois elected President of the United States.
- 1869. Illinois ratifies the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.
Fourth State Constitutional Convention.

- 1870. Third State Constitution ratified by the people.
- 1871. Great Chicago Fire.
- 1872. General Incorporation Law for cities and villages under which most of the cities of the State, including Chicago, are now organized.
Ulysses S. Grant of Illinois reelected President of the United States.
- 1873. "The Panic of 1873."
State Farmers' Convention at Springfield.
The "Farmers' Movement" for political action restraining corporate interests. (1873-1876.)
- 1880. The Supreme Court of Illinois affirms the constitutionality of the Railroad Law of 1873. (*Illinois Central R. R. v. The People of the State of Illinois*, 95 Illinois Reports, 313.)
- 1886. Anarchist Riots at Chicago. Anarchist leaders convicted.
- 1889. Revision of the School Law. Compulsory Education Law (subsequently amended.)
- 1891. Australian ballot system adopted.
- 1893. Columbian Exposition at Chicago.
- 1894. Pullman and American Railway Union strikes at Chicago.
- 1898. Spanish-American War. Illinois furnished nine regiments of infantry, one cavalry regiment, one battery of artillery.
- 1900. Chicago Drainage Canal opened.
- 1903. Iroquois Theatre Fire.
- 1903. Mueller Law passed, allowing city ownership of street railways.
Constitutional amendment submitted by the Legislature authorizing the consolidation of local government in Chicago. Adopted.
- 1908. The present Direct Primary Law adopted at special session of the Legislature.
- 1908. Law passed declaring Native Oak State Tree, and Wood Violet State Flower.
- 1909. One-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Great celebrations at Springfield and Chicago.
- 1913. Commission created by General Assembly to make plans for Illinois' Centennial in 1918.
Woman's Suffrage Law passed.
Kaskaskia Island Sanitary and Levee District created.
Workmen's Compensation Act passed by General Assembly.
- 1915. Epidemic of "Foot-and-Mouth" disease breaks out in cattle, sheep and swine in Illinois. Large appropriations made by General Assembly to stamp out disease.
State flag or ensign for Illinois authorized by General Assembly.
- 1915. Legislature passes Act authorizing construction of the Illinois Waterway.



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Pine-Tree Flag

Cambridge Flag

English-Colonial Flag



Star-Spangled-Banner

Betsy Ross Flag

Flag of 1818